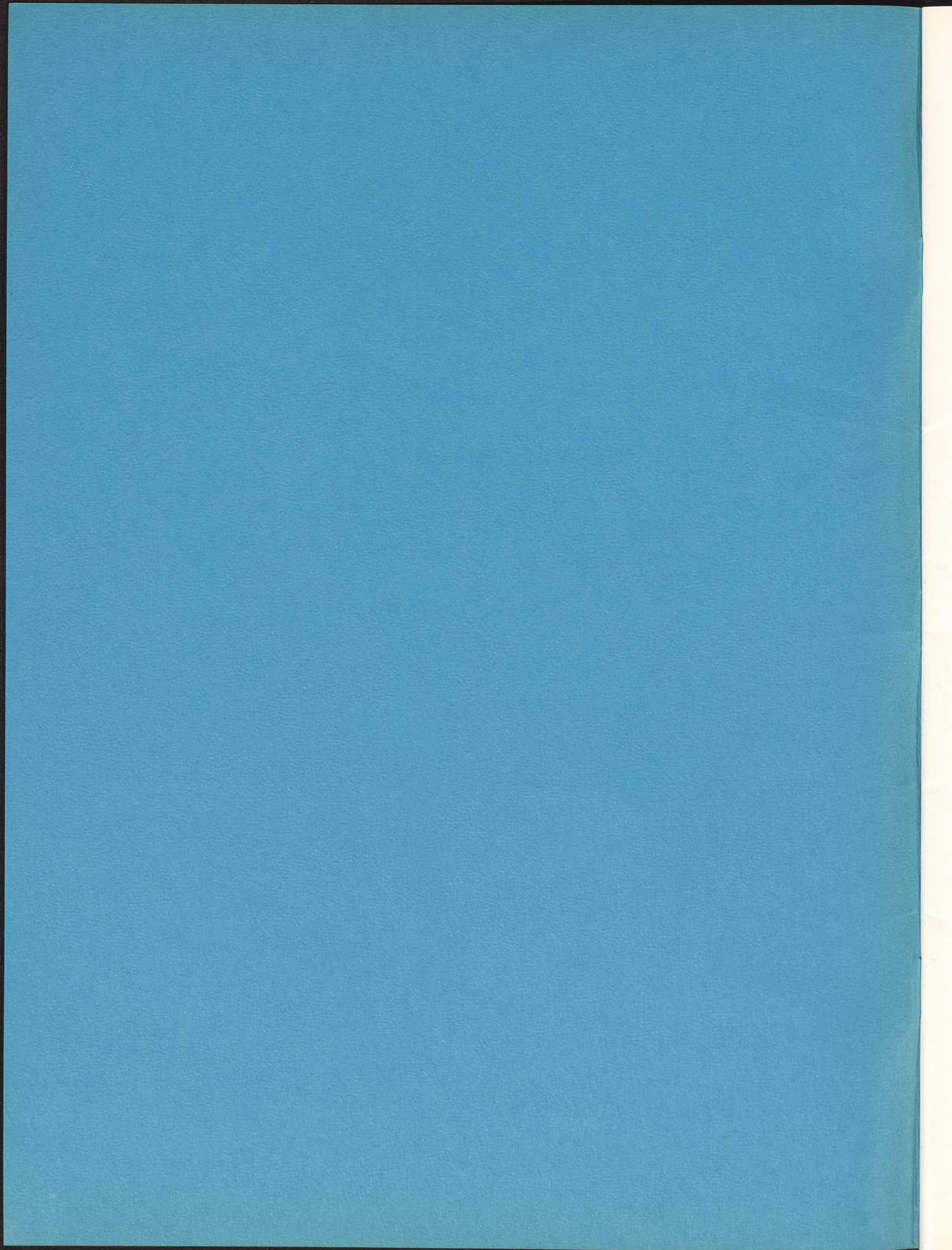


HALLMARKS '76



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To A Little Black Dog
Betsy Settle '76

A black streak whose nails click on the
hard kitchen floor,
She'll be the first to reach the knock
at the door.
She'll send a squirrel flying, fussing
to his nest,
And she'll brag on her victory over the
Wilson-Quick man unrest.
She man stand close to the ground (my midcalf)
Yet her spirit is undaunted and among the best.

Perhaps in her sleep, she dreams of a world,
Where she runs free outside as a little
dog should.
As I see her locked up inside each day—
I wish she could.

But she seems content to play with her squeaky toy bear
(that has long lost its squeak)
And watch her yard-world from her post on the chair.
So stout of heart and full of courage,
She gives much more than she is given.

A Man I've Loved From Far Away
Ann Edson, '76

A man I've loved from far away can keep
His boyish grin so fixed in my mind
Without his ever knowing of the deep
I feel. And his strong face is of the kind,
That once I see, I feel at home again.
A fantasy; a dream that can't be held
Because his presence can only begin
If knobs are turned and wires are crossed, welded
Into a set of vivid colors which
Make him seem so real. Oft he is more real
Than the play I live without him. To switch
From world to world is pain, yet love ideal.
It is a love that lives and lasts and where
All norms collapse. The pain, I can't be there.

Children
Tertia Flygt '76

I love the little half smiles
The drooping lids, the dirty hands

an impartial spectre would only see
a drove of colors spinning to
an archaic meter

And so they are!

though a little more (i think)
than shades vibrating to a
universal eye

Yet here and there is the beginning
A top, unwound and pensive,
The herald of what will come . . .

Out Ginger's Window
Jeanne Harris '79

On first looking out your window at the snow,
I realized and remembered and cried.
It fell so gently, so silently
That it made me think of you, and I realized that
You, too, had lost days of school because of it
And that it is far from your life now.
It fell so gently, so silently
That it made me think of you, and I remembered
Your smile, never changing from snow to snow,
From past to present, from year to year.
It fell so gently, so silently
That it made me think of you, and I cried,
because

You weren't there to see it and sled with us again
To help in building a snowman, but don't you know
Our snowmen all melt as we grow older?
And they're not all that change.
A million miles across the ocean I heard you sigh yesterday
And I cried, and I felt helpless
Because I knew as (everybody finds out sooner or later)
that you can't help me build snowmen anymore:
You can only watch them melt away.

Nancy Swystun, '77

And you, my friend,
May forget me tomorrow
Or before then.
But this thing you have given me
Weighs upon me so heavily,
Like many blankets on a cold night,
That I cannot escape it.

And each time I turn
To follow a new direction
I am reminded of it.
I smile, or cry sometimes,
As I remember you first smile,
And your last,
And the many years we shared in between.

Yes, my friend, you
May forget me tomorrow,
But something in your eyes
Mirrors the same doubt within you,
And I know, my friend,
I'll never forget you,
Tomorrow, or ever.

Reflections
in the pond,
mirroring emotions,
the clear eyes telling
exactly what is felt
but not spoken.

Betsy Bass '79

To be standing in an old familiar place,
Not really remembering,
Just pleased to be there.
Suddenly tides of memory
Wash over you.
So strong, so vivid, so real.
They bring back colors and words and feelings,
And you thought you had forgotten.

Rose Ann Dortch '77

Susan Dicker '76

Time. It passes. Can't you hear it?
Ticking; So boldly, yet so quietly that
it dims bright dreams, as it clouds over
the colorful arches of raining skies and
the shining eyes of tearful children. Innocence . . .
clothed in much more than those
who long ago inhabited the now forgotten garden.
(Is it protection from truth, from reality?)
Finding sunsets, but losing the sun.
Then, just losing; yesterday's tomorrow,
the weeping of the willows and this
fastly fleeting moment of wasted thought.
Did you hear it?

Latin and Me
Jeanne Harris '79

So I thought you were Greek, now is that such a crime
Or reason to give me such a hard time?
Mr. P. says that one day I will see the light
Understand why you killed and why you had to fight
And why you went into such detailed description.
He said that to study will fill my prescription,
But for right now all I can see
Is the constant struggle between Latin and me.

So what if I *do* mix up some of your "qui" things
I use all the words, but I get different meanings.
I grab for the meanings like shots in the dark
I'd do just about anything to raise my mark.
And try as I may and try as I might,
I find I'm defeated—almost sunk in my plight.
And now I stand fighting, brave as could be
But find that there's no hope for Latin and me.

The School Desk
Kim Davis, '77

the wise, old school desk,
engraved in multi-colored ink,
holds the fierce emotions of many
loves and hates and fears
to himself.

Melinda Stanfill '78

Down deep
in the very center of mother earth
there are places and beings
man has never seen
or even imagined
places more beautiful
than beauty itself
and beings too intense
to describe with words
I tell you these things
because we have an eternity
to explore.

Haiku
Val Cannon '78

The unseen brushes
Of scores of wintry artists
Sweep the chilled terrain.

Mimi Nischan '78

It's that funny time of year,
only a week 'till Thanksgiving
and I sit on my bed
watching the stillness
of the wicker rocking chair,
and I imagine in it a grandma
creaking up and back on a front porch
never losing her rhythm.
She's the sort that
has that comfortable bulge to her lap
always with an apron,
and from her kitchen come
hot gingerbread men
(who sometimes run away).
She's there, always knitting,
peeping over her spectacles
now and then
to see that the children are still
there in the yard catching fireflies.
But there is no grandma with a soft lap
and no children with fireflies,
only a lonely chair by the shelves in my room
that hold various treasures
and a clock
and a very special doll.
I wonder what my doll was thinking the day
she looked from her shelf
out the window into the yard
and I was not there
catching fireflies.

Barbara Peeler '76

As I came around the rain-drenched curve
There the loner stood, with heavy coat
yet soaked to the skin, eyes sad, and body thin
He did not have to ask.
I slowed the car, unlocked the door,
And he jumped straight inside, his manner quiet
affections warm yet somewhat dignified
On down the road we traveled 'til an inn came into sight
They had a room could hold us both
I booked it overnight.
Next morning as we left, one would never have
believed
All dry and filled with breakfast
That shaggy dog and me.

Monterey, Tennessee
Martha Stamps '79

Lying on my back, I was aware of a rock
sticking into my shoulder blade. It had poured
all day, and my sleeping bag was soaked. I could
feel the mildew growing inside of it. Our dinner
had burned, and I could still taste the charred
chili inside my mouth. Someone had fallen into our
spring, making the water too muddy to drink. The
girl next to me was snoring like a bear. I needed
to use the bathroom, but I'd cut my foot on a rock
in the river that day, and the outhouse was two
hundred feet away, and my flashlight had gone
dead in the rain. After forcing my eyes shut for half
an hour, I let them open, fully convinced there was
no hope of sleep. As I looked up, the branches of
the trees formed a veil for the sky. Small feathery
clouds were moving swiftly across the sky as if
someone were blowing them away. The stars were
coming out. I rolled over and reached under my
sleeping bag and pulled out the rock that was
hurting my back. Rolling over again, I looked up
at the stars and thought how lucky I was.

Lucy C. Adkins '76

You've left me.
All there is left is a shell.
A cracked seashell from which tumble
only shadows and echos,
like grains of sand.
All the life is gone;
all the color.
Only the shell is left,
and that falls from my hands
and shatters
on the floor.

Wishes
Beth Bowers '79

If I could make 3 wishes come true,
Any 3 wishes right out of the blue,
I'd make 1 for me and 2 for you.

Mary Stamps '76

Words of love,
So easily given
So soon forgotten
Yet always taking as they leave
Taking a part of one naive and in love,
Destroying something irreplaceable
Or perhaps replaceable only through
Time and future love.
The fairy tale world
Of poetry and happy endings
Halted with the knowledge
Of a very real world:
A world of misunderstandings,
Misconceptions, misgivings, and mistakes,
A world lacking in modesty, loyalty, honesty,
And love.
Yet hope alone remains
A lingering belief in fairy tales and
Poetry,
A promising belief in love
—And there's the sparkle in your eye.

How Do You Spell Relief?
Beth Bowers '79

How do *you* spell relief?
I spell it R-E-L-I-E-F.
But some people seem to have
it mixed up,
And spell it R-O-L-A-I-D-S.

"Small"-Haiku
Mari Margaret Macey

Pansy petals bloom,
Pristine, placidly in tune
Yearn for existence.

Barbara Peeler '76

See the geese fly over,
the men to die.

To My Son
Betsy Settle '76

To my son—
I have reached the top of the ladder,
An unwavering wisdom willing it.
I cease to seek, but
Instead, give to those more foolish hearts.

See the Clown
Stacy Wells, '79

See the clown laugh
See the clown smile
See the clown run, many a mile
See the clown get shot
See the clown bleed, with a real bullet in his head
See the clown in pain
See the clown die
Laugh audience, laugh.



Marijo Cook '78

i called you last night
and you spoke just one line
"How are you?" i asked
"I'm eating." That's fine

i replied, can i talk to you again?
"sure", you mumbled, and, "Bye."
so i hung up the phone
and sat down with a sigh.

after three minutes i was lonely
and i grabbed the last box of Cracker Jacks
it should last me a while i decided
we only bought Pass-Around Packs

well i'd eat four pieces,
drop the fifth on the floor
and it kept me somewhat busy
but after five minutes i was bored.

The Surprise Inside was a magnifying glass
so i magnified the boy on the box
and vases on the wall and my
ring and i glanced at the clock

Ten minutes had passed so
i turned on the news
and learned about thieves
and surfing and commentators views

And killers and courts
and football teams
and k-mart and cadillacs
and saw sue's uncle and considered the beams

of light cast by passing cars
i wondered where they were going
but still i was bored
and these methods were showing

no signs of improving my
lonely situation
and although i have tried
to avoid this confrontation

i find it necessary to call
you once again
and ask if my going to sleep
would be an unpardonable sin.

Ann Edson, '76

On my last day in your city
I wanted to see you
In the sunlight. But you were busy
Inside a dark room doing
Your job and I understood.
I was thankful just to see you.
And I kept thinking I could
Share so many things with you
But my mouth wouldn't say
What I wanted it to.

I wanted to see the sun
Glistening on your hair.
I wanted to see your eyes become
Bright and small from the glare.

So on this not so rarely beautiful day
I walked with the sunlight
Forcing my eyes to the ground, away

When I went home, the sun was sinking down;
And I was alone on my last day in your town.

Val cannon '78

Once
untouched by man,
the animate field
carpeted the drowsy terrain.
Once untouched
by man,
cinnamon leaves and birds
mingled, adorning their cerulean playground.
Once untouched by man,
carefree wildlife
romped 'midst the flowers in ephemeral amusement.
Now
ravaged by man,
the vacant field
shrouds the lifeless terrain.
Now ravaged
by man,
starving birds pick through skeletal leaves,
scrounging desperately for food.
Now ravaged by man,
sparse remaining wildlife
limp 'midst the shocks and shells in dismayed disbelief.

Memoriam to my Couch;
my Childhood

When I was young, my grandmama had a housekeeper. Her name was Katherine Couch, but my cousins and my sisters and I called her Couch. Couch was about 5'3" and weighed at least 200 pounds. She'd been in the family for almost forty years, and Mama used to tell me how she first saw Couch coming down the walk to her house. Mama told me that Couch was the prettiest black girl she'd ever seen, young and thin and proud. But I never believed Mama. Couch could never have been young and certainly never thin. In the fall Couch made mincemeat pies. In the winter she made cambrick tea. In the spring she'd made tea cakes, and in the summer she bought me cokes and helped Grandmama make beaten bisquits. When I was sick and Mama was in school, Couch took care of me. We'd watch the "Real McCoy's" on television. Couch came to all my birthday parties. Once, when I was four, I told her that I never wanted to grow up, but Couch said that was silly, that every year of my life was going to be better than the last one, and I believed her; I believed everything Couch told me.

One morning real early, about five, Mama got a phone call from Robert, Couch's husband, and Robert told Mama that Couch had had a stroke and wasn't doing well. We were going to Florida that morning, but Mama hurried over to the hospital anyway, and we didn't get off for Florida till about nine-thirty. When Mama got back, she said that Couch was doing better; but Robert's eyes were all red and he'd either been drinking or crying an awful lot. We went to Florida, though, and had a real good time 'til about the middle of the week when Mama's brother called and said Couch had died. Mama cried and cried, and I didn't know what to do. I didn't do anything.

Mary and Sally went to the funeral. Couch was a Southern Baptist, and Mary said that people were standing up in the middle of the funeral and screaming and wailing. I was glad I didn't go.

Martha Stamps '79

Lucy C. Adkins '76

Little joys
like new grass growing among
burned ruins,
like sunlight falling on
a sick child's bed,
like a smile at
a funeral.
Hope is shy
and must be searched for,
but it is always present.

Snowflakes
Anne Williams '77

Pouring from the world above
Blowing endless trails through the air
Drifting violently down to rest.

To Fabra and the Seniors of '76
Mary Stamps '76

I don't really look a thing like you
And yet your appearance
Has become as much a part of me
As my own.
I see so much of my own life in you,
—My alter ego in a sense.
We always seem to see things
Through the same eyes.
The miles we've travelled together
And the times we've known as one
Will live as a part of me forever.
Six years passed so quickly!
You'll write, won't you?
I just can't say good-bye,
—not to you.
Please don't cry;
I always cry when you cry.
I can't imagine life without you,
But from this moment on,
I guess I'll learn.
I suppose I can find
Someone else with my favorite perfume
And pretty hair ribbons.
But no one will ever know me as you do,
No one else will ever understand or care as you have.
I'll miss you, and I'll be thinking about you.
Don't bite your nails,
And please don't ever cut your hair.
Take care of yourself,
I love you
—always.

Jeanne Harris '79

I dreamed one night that we were in love. I
laughed about it at the time, knowing what good
friends we were. It was just one of those weird
dreams, so I soon forgot about it. When we really
did fall in love with each other, I thought about
that dream but realized it was only a coincidence.
Then, after we'd been dating for a while, I dreamed
that you were really badly hurt. Of course, I feared
your dying in a car accident or your house catching
on fire, but nothing happened. It's been almost a
year now since I broke up with you, and you still
haven't been hurt. I guess it's good that dreams
don't always come true.

Betsy Settle '76

She won't come out and say what she means.
Like a sand-fiddler crab moving backwards all
the time and watching you with wary eyes.
She darts around.
Yelling at her to come out and say what she
means only makes her hide behind her
always-handy shell.
She can't explain it, she doesn't understand
herself.
She wishes she could be more bold and open.
You must be careful and be a gentle shell
collector,
For she is more like the fragile sanddollars
washed upon the shore by a pounding surf.

The Fate of all Bisbies
(with my apologies to Lewis Carroll)

Bracklocked mermies hobble through the
jockeyed street
While their scif-sruffing bisbies
smile with foreshadowing breat.

—Plocteking Day in Prumble Court
and all are squamishing foreward
—The hibbies go unnoticed as they
scrumples down the korboard

"Let's obby with the bisbies" the brampiest
hibbie spoke
And such was done on Plocteking Day;
not learned til the morrow woke.

"We've lost our beloved bisbies!"
the mermies cried out loud
"to hibbies left untended"
they wept into the crowd.

—And such is the fate of all the
bisbies in all the courts of day:
To be lost forever
to some bramp hibbie
on some future
Plocteking Day.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Friendships
Nancy Swystun '77

Friendships,
like many springs
bubbling up
Out of nowhere.
Flowing together
To form a small stream,
To form a personality.
To give it strength
To reach far-off places,
Unknown faces,
And new experiences.
To flow into the mainstream,
Adding force,
Contributing small bits and pieces
Picked up along the way.
Weakened
By muddied springs,
Or dried springs,
But still flowing,
Reaching out.
Strengthened
Whenever new springs
Bubble up.
Finding a whole new direction,
Perhaps,
The entire course changed
Because of a single strong source
Or a group of springs
Flowing together.

There would be nothing
But a stagnant pool
If it were not for
All the refreshing,
Lively, bubbling,
Flowing springs.
Friendships.

Val Cannon '78

We two stared through darkness, suspended
by webs of past strife.
The air hung like curtains between us, scared
nascents of love.
Hushed words, soft, uncertain laced whispers
so longed for. Our life
No more two but now one surely formed by a
hand from above.
Awkward, so desperate, our words hurl us
stumbling through time.
Our toes, stubbed and bleeding, remind us
mortality's all.
Evading all truth, slow delating our bubble
sublime,
But both too aware of the pendulum ready to
fall.
Years later our eyes meet; we both flush,
embarrassed with sorrow.
No words pass; slow smiles make their ways to
our tremblin glips.
Though the pangs are felt still, we no longer
our efforts put forth;
A lesson hard-learned grants us wisdom for
future tomorrows.
Mem'ries, but no longer blades, at our
heartstrings yet snip
Neophitic times fled from our lives, again
two, bear gold worth.

The Royal Ball
Jennifer Orth '79

I stand beneath a canopy of gold and green
A network of slender beams support the
towering roof
I move easily among the royalty present
I converse in pleasant tones with generals
and duchesses
I pour tea for the guests and bow low to
the king
I swirl in my satin dress and show off my
pearl jewels
Then I take up the tea things,
and calling my dog, King,
I walk back into the house and leave my tree
for another day.



McCr
March '75

Marijo Cook '78

Pinewood was a dirt road, unlighted,
and we had to run back because the other half
was named Spencer Mill but a closer
inspection revealed the name we sought. The laugh
of John was on one side of me and Mark's
knee on the other and the bass fiddle's
neck hung out of the window. The map that
George drew provided the evening's riddle,
for the next road should have been Green Shield,
but we couldn't find that, and after
dodging the hole and the part of the road
that was under construction, we turned beside a barn
whose rafters
leaned and John mentioned the tower of Pisa.
we encountered one group of men
with shotguns and flashlights and we
drove through a creek and chose the left road, and then
continued driving for one eighth of a tank,
finally arriving again at Pinewood,
but there was no party, and we were lost and
tired but the night as a whole was good.
for instead of Goose Creek Symphony we
found home and files of songs and Mark
sang and played for me and we laughed
at ourselves for being frightened of the bark
of a dog in those deep country roads.
I was home and warm and the roof above
protected us from the night and the mandolin
and Mark's soft voice re-affirmed my love.

Magic Slippers
Kathy Herbert '76

He's always been there.
I just never realized it.
Just like Dorothy's magic slippers—
They were always there to take her home,
She only had to discover them first.
And I had to discover him, too, before I could realize
what I really had.
Luck? Maybe.
But I don't think so,
Because nothing so perfect happens by chance.

Mimi Nischan '78

The stars swirl
and twist the one-eyed moon
'round the trees.
The air is lucid
Over the limpid grey waters of the lake
And the night is mystical
As together we ride
In our chariot with the
Liquid silver sails.
The dark is unending
Except for our vessel
Nodding through the depths,
And time lays asleep
For tonight the stars are ours.

A tree
in spring

A factory producing
leaves, an apartment house for
birds

in summer

Like a guard in the Tower of London, jealously guarding
a child's treehouse. A breathing
jungle gym.

in fall

A playground for squirrels. Nature's only
litterbug.

in winter

A monster with fingerlike claws.

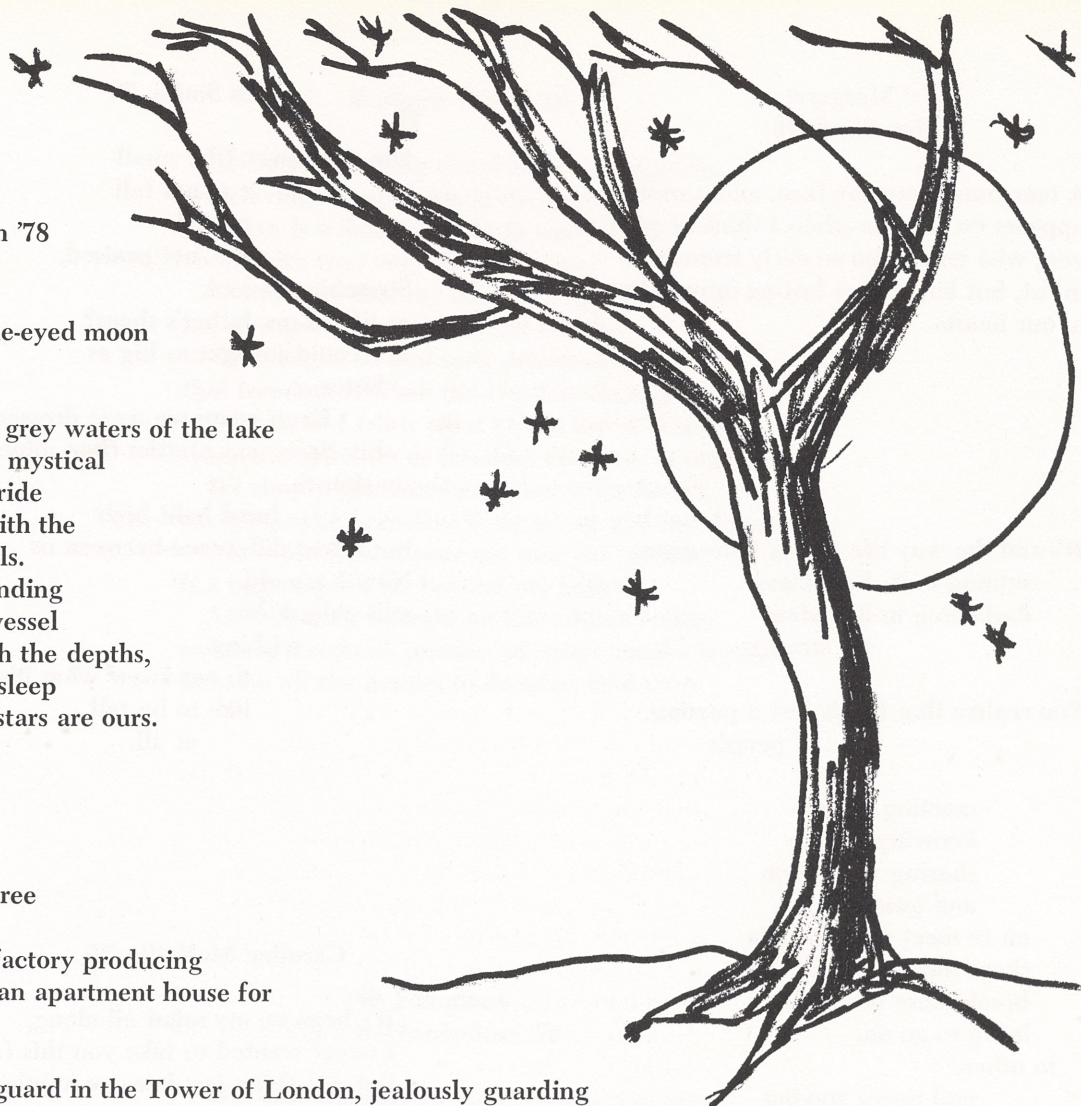
Betsy Bass '79

Mari Margaret Macey '76

J'ai cherché le soleil,
Mais j'ai reçu les nuages.
Je crie,
Je ris,
Je suis!
Parceque . . .
ce sont à Dieu.

Mari Margaret Macey '76

I looked for the sun,
I received the clouds.
I cry,
I laugh,
I am!
Because they all belong to God!



To Margaret
Helen Short '76

A tear runs down my face, and a smile
appears on my lips when I think of you—
you, who was taken so early from our
midst, but left such a lasting impression
in our hearts.

It's sad the way life passes before you
shining in its happiness
darkening in its defeat
it's strange

You realize that life is just a passing
of people

meeting people
knowing people
sharing with them
and going on . . .
on to meet more people
share more troubles
break more hearts
leave to go on,
to other,
and never staying
never reliving
yet never forgetting
the people gone
passed up

It's strange the way life does that
and someday-when you've almost
forgotten-they come to you
and share with you
—in your mind—
all their victories
and all their defeats
and you wonder what they're like now,
but you never
find out.
It's strange
and very
sad.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Beth Smith '77

Oh, why must I be small
not tall
patted
not praised,

Stretching to look
at life in my father's shoes?
If I could just get as big as
Sister

Even when we were dressed like twins,
her dress was prettier than mine
on tiptoes

head held high
but 2 feet difference between us
Now I am old
still patted, but
wishing

to not know what it's
like to be tall
at all.

Caroline McNeilly '76

It's been on my mind all along,
I never wanted to take you this far,
But one thing just became another
And now, here we are.
I've got to say it now,
Though I think you already know,
It hurts so bad to say this,
But you've got to let me go.

It's going to be hard to live without you;
You've reached in and touched my heart,
But I didn't want it to be that way,
I was afraid we would get to this part.
Please don't tell me that you love me,
I don't want you to see me cry,
I know it doesn't seem fair,
But we've got to say goodbye.

I know that I'm the one to blame,
But I want you to understand;
Promise that you'll think of me,
And hold our memories in your hand.
I want to make sure that you know,
And when I get up to leave
Tell me that you'll let me go.

Barbara Peeler '76

There's something about the word freedom
which rings funny bells in my brain.

There is wildness in life in some areas,
though it's true very little remains.

Could it be that my country's the land of the free,
no, of course, no nation could ever be.

Or it might be that only prisoners know,
that freedom is when the law lets them go.

I've got it, I know what strikes me as strange,
when the syllables of freedom compute in my brain.

It's simply that freedom is not to be found,
except maybe hereafter if we go up and not down.

The word how it ever got into our speech,
is a notion quite far beyond my belief.

And my only thought on the subject is this:
perhaps, freedom's another of man's sneaky tricks
to bribe all the masses to do what he'd wish.

The Fireplace
Cara Bachenheimer '79

The dark mahogany wood, which was once
clean, lay covered with grey ashes. Now spider
webs were spun on the corners and were covered
with small bugs. No one used the fireplace now,
the wood that was stacked beside it was covered
with grey dust, as they crawled wearily along it.
Up above, the bricks were crumbling, and every
now and then a small piece would topple down
and pierce the silence. No bird had nested at the
top of the chimney for a long time, and small pieces
of straw, along with leaves from last fall clung to
the dampness around the rim. When the wind
came, the foundations would creak and the top of
the chimney would sway gently. One night the
lightning came, and rain tormented the old bricks
which were slowly giving way, and a little while
later there was no fireplace left at all. The dry
dusty wood was now soaked as the evil rain
drenched the spider webs and then there was
nothing left but crumbled bricks and wet ashes.

United
For the class of '76
Ann Edson '76

When it was dark at my window
I heard voices in my sleep
Then the morning glow
Set me free so I wouldn't weep
For the voices I didn't know.

The voices whispered, "Follow my road
To freedom, there's one way to truth.
I'll carry your load
If you'll only come. And, my youth,
Love and be yourself till love is old."

I heard the truth and I believed
The love of God would make me free
So I found myself and was relieved
At what freedom there was in being me.

The darkness passed and I'll tell all of you
That there's room for all under the sun.
Friends are joined and it's really true
That when there's many—there can be one;
And there's no limit to what that one can do.

1976 SENIOR CLASS POEM

Susan Thornton

Do you realize that we've been through approximately
700 school days at Harpeth Hall, which means:
we've slept through 150 chapels,
eaten fish and french fries on 110 Fridays,
experienced 4 Winterims,
played at 4 Ariston Halloween parties,
seen 4 Triad Homecoming Queens crowned,
elected 32 Angkor boys of the month,
watched 4 George Washington Birthday Celebrations,
battled in 4 class hockey games,
4 class football games,
4 class basketball games, and
4 class volleyball games;
we've seen 16 Athletic Association assemblies,
argued, laughed, and cheered, but mostly grown
through 80 class meetings,
and have never really thought much about any of it?
We've seen 225 seniors graduate,
heard (slept through) 3 graduation speakers,
listened to 6 Glee Club songs,
and have never really thought much about these events
either; however, now it's our turn and we are beginning
to realize that it's almost over. We know that come
June 1st the Harpeth Hall, as we know it, will be gone
forever. We know that when we come back years from
now the faces will have changed, but basically the people
will be the same. Yet it won't be the same, for we will
have changed. We will be outsiders; we won't be a part
anymore.

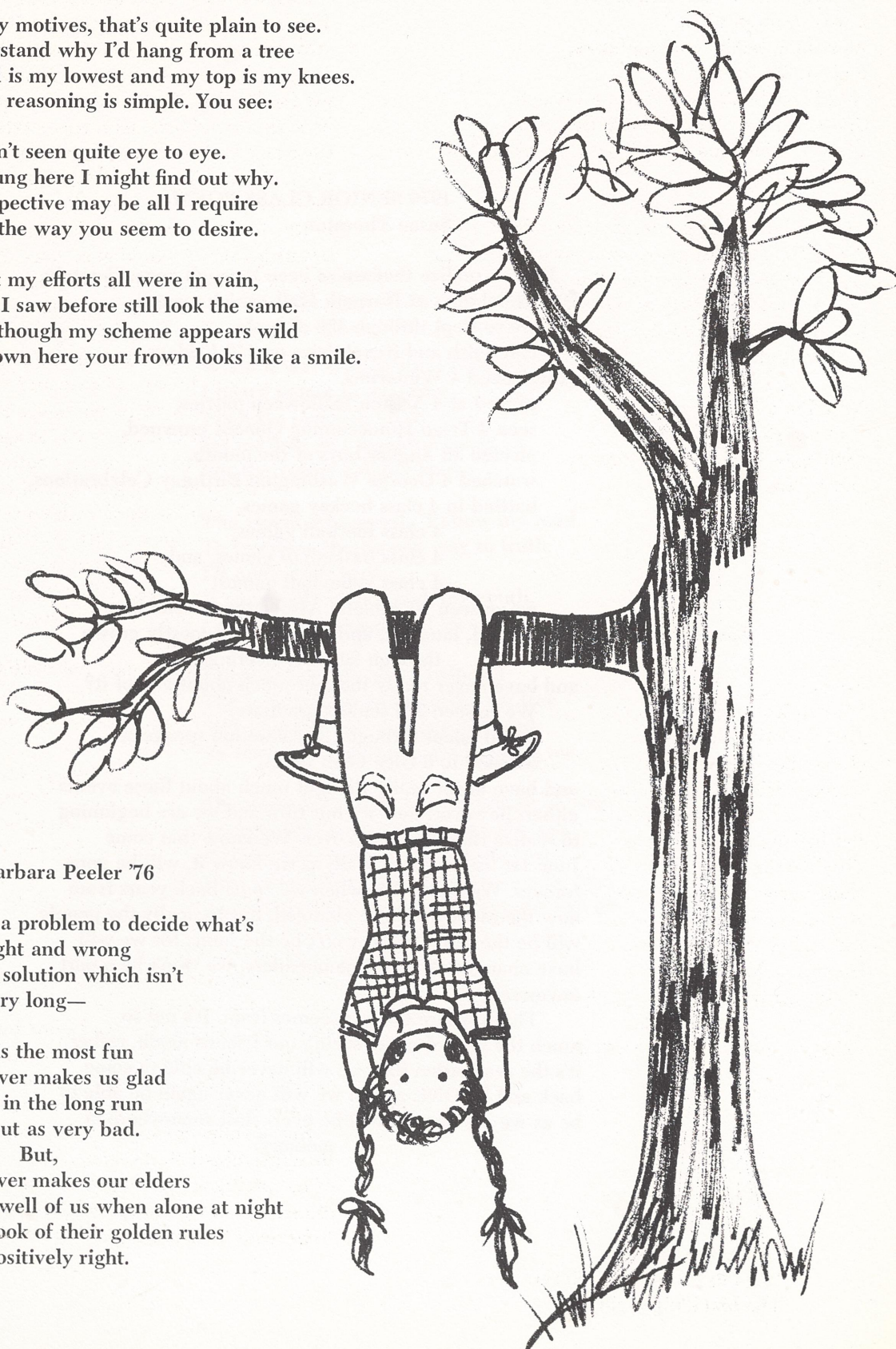
That's where the hurt comes from. It's not so
much the fear of never seeing our friends again, rather
it's the realization that we will never be able to come
back and be ONE again; we will never again be able to
be as we are now. It will be over—lost somewhere in
memory.

A Matter of Perspective
Nancy Swystun '77

You question my motives, that's quite plain to see.
You can't understand why I'd hang from a tree
Where my head is my lowest and my top is my knees.
I assure you my reasoning is simple. You see:

Lately we haven't seen quite eye to eye.
I thought if I hung here I might find out why.
A different perspective may be all I require
To view things the way you seem to desire.

But I guess that my efforts all were in vain,
The things that I saw before still look the same.
Yet I must add though my scheme appears wild
At least from down here your frown looks like a smile.



Barbara Peeler '76

Quite often it's a problem to decide what's
right and wrong
And thusly this solution which isn't
very long—

What is the most fun
Whatever makes us glad
Most times in the long run
turns out as very bad.

But,
Whatever makes our elders
Speak well of us when alone at night
Is by the book of their golden rules
most positively right.

Lucy C. Adkins '76

I remember, in the sixth grade,
I was short and I had
short hair, bobby socks, glasses,
and saddle shoes.
And I would sit by myself and watch
those tall, long haired, beautiful girls.
They laughed and talked (very sophisticated)
and I watched.

And in the eighth grade, the girls talked about
dates and football games and makeup
and I sat and watched and thought,
"Wait until I'm a Senior. Then I'll be
tall and have beautiful, long hair."
So I waited.

Now I'm a Senior.
And I'm short and I have
short hair, bobby socks, glasses,
and saddle shoes.

Susan Dicker '76

People . . .
Mechanical robots,
Heartless tinmen
(Even the Tinman of Oz had more feelings)
Created with millions of money to cope with
the hustle-bustle,
Yet lacking the use of the senses.
Blind to the needs and cares of others,
Deaf to the cries of joy and anguish,
Handicapped—not those who need help,
But rather those who won't give it.
Inhumane humans.
No longer living or feeling, only existing
and acting.
What, on Earth, has become of
People . . .

Kim Davis '77

Lazily the moon,
Goes to his task of painting
The black night silver.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

I should have been born a little boy in the
1920's . . . to have memories as a little child of
struggling with my papa through the depression,
helping him to sell apples so Mama could make a
pie for Sunday. And my father would have then
become a conductor on a train. When they were at
their height, I would have ridden with him and
learned every aspect of those iron horses. I would
be a conductor, too, when I grew up, if I didn't die
in the war, first. And somehow, amidst all the
hardships that I would encounter, I would find
time to write great novels of intent fascination
about the upcoming generation.

Unfortunately, I was the upcoming generation. I
can never remember a time when there was not
absolute faith in cars, planes, and television. And
space? They walked on the moon before I knew
what was so special about it. Computers were
used everyday in big business before I knew how
to spell the word. No, I could not have been born
of poor parents involved with trains, or even as a
little boy. I was born a little girl with every blessed
advantage and every cursed disadvantage. I was
born of upper middle-class parents, and have led a
very sheltered life, never having to worry about
any serious problems.

I was fairly intelligent, not brilliant, but above
average. And I was of above average looks. But
above all this I had an imagination, a lively and
colorful imagination.

I tried to explain to people just how this creature
worked, or should I say, how it ran, and then tiring
of the game, wandered carefree through the
darkest streets. Sometimes it even took my body
with it. Always to the trains and to the poverty.
But people didn't understand, don't understand,
might never understand.

My mother takes walks for exercise, but the very
idea of going walking sends my creature on a
journey far into everywhere. Ah, but who knows?
One day, I might take walks just for the exercise,
too. But I don't think so. I think I'll always be a
ragged little boy, eating an apple, standing beside
a train—amazed. I'd really hate to be anything else.

But, a summer's night is the time for such a
thought; school starts soon, and I will be every inch
of an intelligent, pretty, sparkling young lady of
fifteen, only to grow up and have time once again
to become the little boy. I hope trains never die.

Tertia Flygt '76

Scraps of colored cloth and tissue strewn
And a dreaming child forgets the room
For a better place to conduct affairs, put on airs
Pretending and pretending as though her life were unending,
Not time to stop the play.

O Holy Mother of God
Have mercy on me, a sinner.

Pretending unending, conduct affairs, put on airs,
It's just a role I'm forced to play.
I haven't time, nor wit, nor speech—
But once upon a cloud I felt a quickening
And what I knew within became without
And so I moved to step and found—myself churning, turning,
Like a dervish unwinding and refining.
And now I only speak in tongues,
Fill my eyes with colored sights
like the Christmas lights
in my childhood nights.

The Light Of The Dusk
Betsy Settle '76

There's something about the dusk in the last
parting glimmers of the day,
That suspended moment before the street lights
blink on.
A few birds rustle.
Shadows lengthen.
And the sky glows as the rosy-orange sun disappears.
The city-life is quiet.
There is stillness.
Only the dusk has that special quality of light,
So eerie, so gentle, so blanketing.
The dusk brings a feeling of peace as the
day closes.
The day's problems are at rest for now
And the night's dilemmas have not begun.
There is color in the sky and color reflected on the grass,
Yet a black middle between the two.
Somewhere in that darkening space—you are caught
in a land of no-worry with
the light of the dusk in your eyes.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Silence slowly seeps through the
threshold of sound,
Stilling all that abounds,
Rolling thick like soup or syrup,
It covers the ground,

Til alone in this silent storm
Stands one, small, lonely, old soul
Seeing the water roll,
Dreaming of undreamed-of things,
He knows silence has no holes.

Confrontation
Nancy Swystun '77

Staggering on, stumbling some,
I think I can no longer run.
Stumble again, then face to face
With earth I see the shiny trace
Of a snail that passed this way
Sometime earlier today
And now is gone from grasp or sight
Amidst the emerald green delight
Surrounding me on left and right,
Speckled here by bits of shell
Just in front of where I fell.
Pieces of blue that indicate
A robin that hatched rather late,
Or is it the reflection of
The brilliant blue of sky above
Where white creatures ramble by
Chased by the wind, whose lullaby
Fades as I drift to sleep where I lie?
On waking it is safe to say
The sun's behind me all the way.
As I rise I take the hand
Of the horizon, sky and land,
And standing tall, I walk on.
What is it I was running from?

Winnipeg
Mary Stamps '76

Hearing that same song
I think of you both crying.
He will come again.

Martha Stamps '79

It's been a while since you kissed me.
Seems sometime since we talked about
Mountains and Tolkien and Queen's Rhapsody
I said we weren't right but I'm doubting it.

It's been a while since you touched me
Must be ages since you thought about
Banana fish or Rainy Stars or anything much
I said we weren't right but I'm doubting it.

Sometimes I wish that I could see you
Sometimes I wish that you were dead
I just wish I'd stop my wishing
It's time to straighten out this of mine
Start feeling fine

It's been a while since you called my name
Must be ages since you cared about
Rocky Tops or Crippled Creeks it's all the same
I said we weren't right but I'm doubting it
Don't know why
But I'm doubting it.

Do You, Like Me, Wish to be Free?
Allison Schaffner '79

Oftentimes I find myself wondering if a blueprint
of life lurks among the interstellar tapestry. Is a
vast civilization hidden behind a shimmering
diamond? When I peer out into the remote
atmosphere, I cannot help but to feel the stare of
one such as myself. Is our shared curiosity blinded
by the many light years that separate our two races
of time I wonder. I dream. Are you just reflecting
a mirage of hope? Do you not believe? Beneath
your luminous rays, I hear your tears. I try to sound
back. I don't think you hear. Or maybe, you just
don't listen. Why does a pylon of knowledge disclose
us from each other when communication is the
artifact to identifying life? Will these bounding
chains ever set us free? In desperation, you
shimmer on. With a reinstallation of courage, I look
up. A tear reflects the desire to communicate, and
I wonder Do you, like me, wish to be free?

Someone's Been Treading on My Runestone
Tertia Flygt '76

In the night, in the night
Up the steps I go.
Hear them creak,
Hear me squeak
As I stub my biggest toe.
In my nightgown all in nylon
Full and sensuous go I,
But my biggest toe will pain me
And I cry and cry and cry.
What draws me to the attic in my flannel undershirt
In my woolen underpants and my Harpeth Hall school skirt?
For I'm going to the attic with a candle in my hand
Like Nero to his nanny, Lucille to Beulah Land.
I go there wearing earrings that number three and score
But I cannot say I'm happy for still my toe is sore.
The elephants are up there,
That is, to say, my mind.
Both my friend and I can share
The biggest one's behind.

Susan Dicker '76

Sandwiched,
Caught in the middle,
Undecided.

To Susan
(My Little Sister)
Julia Storey '77

When kisses from boys become more,
And playful pinches along with giggles become numbered,
And handholding is only for boys and girls
And love between you is outlawed as queer
Remember it's still okay to be friends.

Sun Goddesses
Marijo Cook '78

(In an obnoxious frame of mind I devote this to several
people at school upon their return from spring break—
you know who you are.)

With egos flying
and as much of their new color showing as is possible,
socks peeled down and hair pulled back,
the darkies return.
the ritual begins.
"Mary, you look so great!"
before the circle of pale unfortunates
they reek of cocoa butter and pineapple scented oil
while the admiring flock gazes
at the few remaining white lines from
swimming suits.
"I haven't shaved in a week, I thought it might come off."
"All we did was lay out and pick up guys."
"Don't touch me—I'm burned a little there."
the ones who love our city or the sun-wary

deserters
all stand in awe of them.
certainly they are not as we are.
for now they are goddesses.
blessed.
far above us.
perfect beauty itself.

Mary Stamps '76

You entered my world . . .
A painful place of doubt at the time.
Trusting few with my feelings,
Fewer with my love,
I proceeded to keep my distance from you,
As my newly mapped attack at life designated.
I was going to be safe from now on,
You couldn't hurt me!
I was resolved not to let you get close enough
to cause me pain . . .
Yet sweetly you smiled and closer you came,
You reached out to me,
I was too cold to move,
You turned ice into snow,
And slowly you melted me.
—Yes, I love you.

Away
Beth Bowers '79

Hand in hand,
We walked
Away,
Beyond the horizon
Into our own
Special world,
And out of the
World we were in;
That special
World,
Of someone else's.

Lucy C. Adkins '76

Comme un oiseau tu danses, et chantes, et voles,
ici il n'y a qu'un moment, et quelque autre part
maintenant.
Un moment, tu voles á moi et me montres quelque
bijou de joie
pour partager avec moi;
le moment prochain-
"J'en assez de cette place. Je pars."
Maintenant, je pense que je suis ton amie.
Tu dis, "Tu veux venir avec moi?"
Et je veux venir.
Mais je ne peux pas voler.

Summer '75
Martha Stamps '79

Going out every night
Never in on time

Falling in love
Five times in three months

Learning to jump
Behind trees when cars come

"I love you," one day
"Stay out of my life," the next

Looking at needle marks on a friend's arm
Crying when they aren't still looking at you

Learning to love and be friends at the same time
Learning to be friends even when you don't love

Playing English Driver
McDonald's, Baskin Robin's, Scooter
Always looking for a ride

Being amazed at a friend's understanding
Being hurt by a friend's disregard

Learning bridge in five minutes and winning
But losing at Heart's every time

Sunset at Dawn
Melinda Stanfill '78

the gunfire starts again
as hell reveals itself
my brother, he was killed just
yesterday
and He a young man, He'll be 21 come May
i watched,
'til I could no longer see
Death sure had his pickings
here
Ah well, what is life anyway?
The war will soon be over or
was it ever here . . .
My brother he was killed
just yesterday, and he
a young man, he'll be 21 come May.

Unknown

She walks gracelessly into a room,
Head down.
Made painfully shy by the thick, black
Glasses she must wear.
Sensitive, she reads the children's faces:
"4-eyes, blind-bat, you're different."
A few years later:
She walks into a crowded room,
Poised, lovely, graceful.
Head held high.
People turn and stare: "Who is that lovely girl?"
The major change?
Contacts.

Rose Ann Dortch '77

Helen Short '76

When they first met, they could talk, they
could touch, and they could love freely; but
slowly a wall was built between them. The
first layer was made of jealousy, and the
second of distrust. Then doubt and impatience
were added. They held on to each other as
long as they could, until the wall divided them
completely. All colors became gray and all light
vanished, and they both were left in listless
darkness alone. Running her fingers across
the cold wall she searched for some opening,
some understanding, but the wall was sealed
tightly with mistakes.

Winter
Mimi Nischan '78

Winter comes
and with him brings
the snarling winds that wind through my hair.
And 'round the mountain laces of snow
hide among the streams
and the fields are crusted
with ice.
Winter should be at home in his calloused world,
but look
he sits in a shadow
weeping
for he is lonely.

To Penstaff
Julis Storey '77

I stare into matching plaid faces
All kilted up, all similar cases
Then on to Penstaff where plaidness turns to
 stripedness, spottedness, on and on . . .
 each forming their own uniqueness
And showing me faces I had not seen before.

Jakes Creek and Me
Heather Muller '80

The water falling, chanting beauty
Cold and fresh, new and just born,
But who knows how old it really is?

The trees tall with wisdom
All know so much more than me,
And yet know nothing.

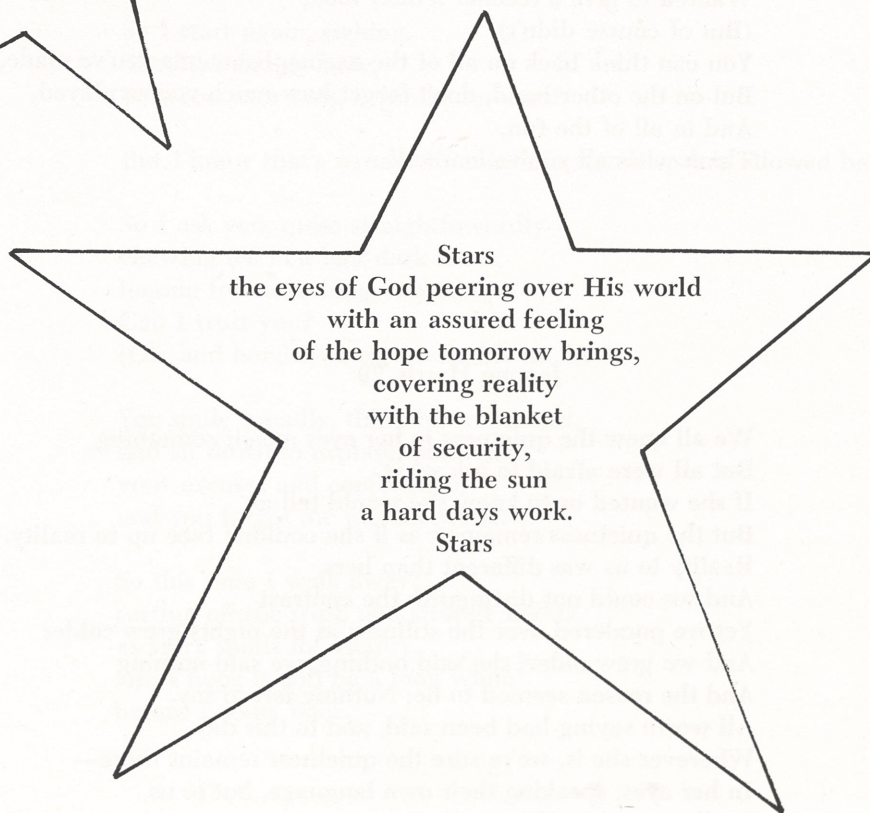
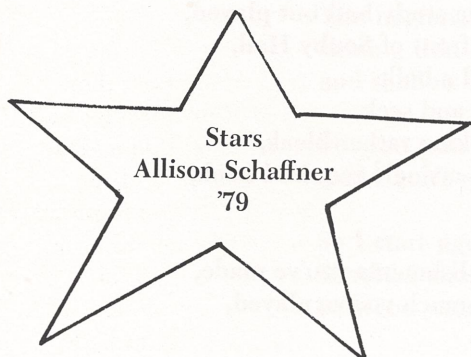
The earth is calling, I am drawn.

I become the sparkling foam running
over the rocks,

I am each new leaf among thousands
of leaves,

I am the soft cool moss sleeping silently
on the rocks.

God has given us a part of heaven!



Check List for all Harpeth Hall Graduates
Anne Williams '77

To graduate from Harpeth Hall you really have to be the best,
And in the world you're sure to find success,
But before you leave the ole green and gray,
Think back on just one day . . .
The thousands of times you have stepped on the grass,
Gotten in trouble for skipping class,
Written your whole term paper in one restless night,
Tried to run over somebody in the parking lot with all your might,
Spent Friday afternoon with a detention in Study Hall,
Had a good looking date for all the combos and had a ball,
Seriously felt like you wanted to blow up the lab,
Heard a rotten speaker get up and blab,
Walked into chapel ten minutes late,
Dropped your tray at lunch and broke a plate,
Received a fearful note to go see Sam,
Didn't study ahead and had to cram,
Been getting a drink of water when out of the closet came the maid,
Thought your were going to study during study hall but played,
Pushed somebody in the sticker bush in front of Souby Hall,
Been out on the tennis courts and missed a ball,
Run around the library and played hide and seek,
Came to school on Monday morning looking rather bleak,
Messed around all summer and not read a single required book,
Wanted to give a teacher a dirty look,
(But of course didn't).
You can think back on all of the accomplishments you've made,
But on the other hand, don't forget how much you've played,
And in all of the fun,
Think what all you've learned!

Jeanne Harris '79

We all knew the quietness in her eyes meant something,
But all were afraid to ask what.
If she wanted us to know she would tell us,
But the quietness remained as if she couldn't face up to reality.
Reality to us was different than hers,
And we could not distinguish the contrast
Yet we pondered over the stillness as the nights grew colder
And we grew older; she said nothing, we said nothing
And the reason seemed to be: Nothing left to say.
All worth saying had been said, and to this day
Wherever she is, we're sure the quietness remains there—
In her eyes, speaking their own language, but to us
It all seemed, and seems

. . . . Unspoken

An Expedition
Susan Beesley '78

Dry wind
shifts by the site at noon
but you're smiling
and it's like midnight.

At the southwest corner
I stand ready with a long, hollow pipe
to thrust into your flesh.

I wouldn't hurt you.
And you may need me.

The beginning is pure oil
shining thin and laughter
and shallow scars—

but you turn and exhale quickly, triumphantly,
And I can't rob you.

So I start again, sighing.
Should I simply hide,
between your toes, behind your ears?

But I know that's wrong. No misunderstandings are allowed here.

So I ask you, quite straightfowardly—
chewing ice in a half-dark room,
hoping for something, anything—
Can I trust you?
(Oh, and honesty is an admirable quality!)

You smile broadly, think for a moment,
and sit down to explain, and make
your excuses and confessions,
and you forget me in your stories.

So this time I walk away,
carting off the truth and strange nights
as sorry spoils for victory,
and I hope it will be a long while
before I come back.

Before Battle
Tertia Flygt '76

Hold back the dawn til it be sure that all
Of nature is too weak to carry on
While we must bear the tools for building wall
And sink beneath the face of war so wan.
To dance in triumph by a shad'wy grave
Like foolish ghouls who'll not give up their sin
Or bloody hounds that kill the game they crave
Are actions fit for lunatics—or holy men.

Julia Storey '77

Pale moonmellow streaked with sunyellow
Purple and pink cloudmarshmallow
Newly washed skies
Glowing at sunrise

Tiger
Stacy Wells '77

The tiger stalked stealthy
up to its prey
hoping to get enough food
to last another day.
The drought had come
and the animals had gone.
Now he must live on.
He thought of times past
when food was all around
but his hunger overcame these thoughts
as he lay near the ground.
Now the object just a few feet away
was to be his salvation for that day.
And the tiger leapt
and went in for the kill.
The man turned around
and with horror in his eyes
knew he was to be the tiger's next meal.

LeAnn Philpot '76

Vast rolling hills stretch across the land into the
distance,
Until the gray clouds hover the mountain top in a
translucent mist,
Which strives to deprive the sun from filtering its
rays,
Upon the various yellow and scarlet clusters that
scatter at random across the hillsides.
Some trees remain untouched by the approaching
autumn season,
Yet others appear barren and lifeless showing little
desire
To flout their apparel or to endure the frost and
chilled winds.
The foothills gaze gently down upon the valleys
carpetted in rich green velvet.
Surrounded by the mountains, the valleys remain shaded
and sheltered.
Trees sparsely populate the valleys because they seem
to prefer the sunny hillsides.
Cows gather by the edge of a stream or bathe in the
small patches of light
That succeed in filtering through the gray clouds, and
cast a yellow tint on the sloping valleys.
Sinuous paths lead from the valleys into the brown and
gold patchwork fields
Which are embroidered by deep green pines.
The plaid patterns of the planes eventually return to
the rolling mountains, enhanced by the multitudes
of color . . .
. . . This is the landscape of life.

Kim Davis '77

You were there ahead of me,
But I grew
and we stood together for awhile.
Then somehow—I don't know how or when,
I grew ahead of you,
and when I turned around, and saw you hadn't followed,
tears filled my eyes.
As they fall
I hope love will act as the sun
and maybe together they'll form a rainbow
which will lead you to me.

Val Cannon '78

Loneliness
She stood alone
(Loneliness)
In a park
(Loneliness)
On Christmas afternoon
Loneliness
Invaded her very bones, and the
raw December wind lashed at her
patched and faded army jacket.
Unseen fingers prompted her hair to
fright, and her hollowness echoed
wispy memories. The drones of church
chimes pierced the emptiness, and a
lone pigeon rustled from a naked
tree, losing itself in the vast steel-colored
horizon. A faded green bench beckoned
her presence and she welcomed its
quiet company. Loneliness. Then a sudden,
strange tranquility induced her to sleep
as sleighbells and the prancing paws
of reindeer penetrated her subconscious.

Lauren Muller '77

To mama:
Like a cherub fountain, you let your thoughts flow:
Death
 life
Love
 grow
 rise
I try to absorb,
 to become a sponge,
I know that the water is sweet and holy,
It is also salty
For you are living, mortal,
 not sculptured stone
and your tears make the water salty,
the salt of the earth?
I am crying too,
still trying to soak in,
and it cleans so deep to cry,
Soon the sun will shine
and I will dry,
Besides, I can not stay,
You know I must find my own spring.
Thanks for the drink!

Behind the Cranium Curtain
Suzy Bell '79

To enter upon a tour of my mind, one must pierce the iris and gently part the Spanish moss clinging from my nerve branches. The pupil is transferred to a subterranean level, and tombstones of buried and unborn ideas ominously rise. The arc of the mounds is enveloped with decaying thoughts; yet, tarnished rays appear with uneven spots about a vacant floor. Smooth-bark cypress trees serve as foundations for epiphytes. Moss-eaten stones carry indentations of chisled handiwork. Botticelli swirls his camel hairs in streaks of aquamarine and mulberry to reveal feathered leaves in this tapestry, rooted from my scalp. An ancient ambling stream flows over jagged obstacles, which rudely interrupt the water's smooth complexion. As one escapes to another passage, he is accompanied by a granddaddy-longlegs, who carefully places each thread leg in a particular place. The epitome of secretive delights gives way to a solitary penny, occupied by worn and barely distinguishable digits.

No! This is a touch of reality, which is born in the acrid axis-revolving melting pot! Its presence is oddly felt. Someone has been here before . . .

Marijo Cook '78

it had been raining for three years but I walked out this morning, alone and it had ended. The world was drenched, dripping clean, clear and fresh. A light fog rising from the hills gave a translucent glow to the newly green trees, and breathing was easy again in this cool wet air. I wanted to stand there in the grass and let the water soak up my legs until I, too, was drenched, but I had to begin moving.

I went to another place where walls to the four sides and walls above and walls below encased the hordes of people, and I kept up my motion for hours. And much, much later, when I found time to sit down and be still, I peered through a hole in the walls, searching for my clean wet world but immediately drew back in horror at the mildew that had begun to grow.

"No Sense Makes Sense"
Julia Storey '77

Sense. Who makes sense?
Businessmen make cents
But what sense do I make?
Why none at all
But you have to make cents to live in this world
So how can I live?
Well I live without sense of cents.
Only my sense of living lives
And that makes enough sense to me.

The Butterfly

I am like a butterfly in life . . .
I flutter from blossom to blossom
To taste of each, the sweet nectar
That every bloom has to offer.

And if, by will or fate . . .
I taste the nectar of a bitter bloom,
Let me not stop to ponder it
But flutter lightly away
To a new garden.

E. L. Philpot

Night

Mimi Nischan '78

She stands at the crest of the meadow,
The wind and moon frolicking in her ebony and silken hair.
Her dark cape shelters
The wood and the field, the owl and the cricket song.
Her face is proud, with her eyes, the blue of the sea
And her cheeks, born of the blossoming tree.
She turns and with a gentle step
Fades into the silence,
The myriad stars dappling her path.



Beyond
Amy Cross '77

As I sit here looking over the plain,
Cultivated and producing life,
I see beyond to the rolling hills,
Covered with trees full with foliage.
Beyond I see the mountains
Silhouetted against the horizon,
But beyond the mountains, what is there?

I look above me to the sky,
Patterned forms of white, billowy clouds
Pasted on a sea of blue,
The great ball of fire gently moves across the sky.
The night brings the light of the stars
A misrepresentation of their great magnitude
But beyond the stars, what is there?

I look beneath me to the ground
Covered with many blades of grass
Each an individual thriving to live,
But beyond these few blades, how many more are they?

I am one human being in millions
So insignificant to the world beyond me.
My life is but a second to the time before and beyond me
But if my second was to the benefit of someone
The second is turned into infinity
And what is beyond can never be answered.

... from behind the mountain's peak
Allison Schaffner '79

There you lie so peaceful, and your mom has said goodbye.
She didn't want to wake you, for she knew how much you'd cry.
An angel song played sweetly within your mama's ear
And beckoned her to follow beyond the rainbow, dear.
She tiptoed on the lighted sky and hid behind a star.
If I awake you now, my child, you can see her for she's not too far.
Yet close your weary lids, for your eyes long to rest
And venture into dreamland, it will all be for the best.
Dance upon your clover and weep upon your moss.
Laugh with the beauty of living and dream not of your loss.
Sleep, my child, while the night is young and shed not a single tear
For the crystal sky above you will protect you from your fear.
"Lillies bloom in the morning," the sunset once told me.
Now my heart whispers it true, so sleep in tranquility.
Sit, my child, on a rainbow crest beyond the woodlands creek
And watch, young one, as dawn awakens from behind the mountain's
peak.

